

CAMERON DARWIN BOSSERT

# BURBANK

A STAGE PLAY

PART OF  
A *Venomous Color*  
A THIRDWING SERIES

THIRD  
WING



# A VENOMOUS COLOR

BURBANK

by Cameron Darwin Bossert

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*A Venomous Color* also includes the play, *The Fairest*, but neither play is necessary to the understanding of the other.

*A Venomous Color: Burbank* was first performed at wild project, New York, NY, on September 6<sup>th</sup>, 2022. Its costumes were designed by Yolanda Balaña, music was composed by Deeba Montazeri, and the stage manager was Lauren Arneson. The cast was as follows:

ART BABBITT  
BETTY ANN DUNBAR  
WALT DISNEY

Ryan Blackwell  
Kelley Lord  
Cameron Darwin Bossert

## A VENOMOUS COLOR: BURBANK

*Mostly spring/ summer 1941. Burbank, California*

*All three characters have a creative physicality, they're all physical storytellers, which is why they do the work they do, and they use that to get their points across while interacting with each other as well.*

**Walt Disney** still, at 39 and with much success, is unsure of who he is. He keeps going back to the work, back to the work, back to the work. He often stands with his wrists on his hips, "so much to do and so little time." His voice cracks upward when angry, to protect himself from deeper rage, clattering out into vulnerable snatches of confusion. He's from just outside Chicago, though wants people to think he spent his whole childhood in a simpler, good-ol-American small town in Missouri.

**Art Babbitt** (animator) is from New York, and has very idiosyncratic ways of making people laugh. Not exactly "clever," but rather throwing a person off slightly so he can dig at their funny bone. He once sued a department store over sales tax. Was the breadwinner for his family after his father had an accident.

**Betty Ann Dunbar** (inker & painter) is from Los Angeles, and began work at Disney in 1936 with a bit of native social swagger that she's lost over time. She's become more enthralled and focused on her work, partly because she wants to be an animator, despite accepting the fact that such a job is not open to women. Sometimes she forgets to take care of herself.

LOCATIONS:

ANIMATION ROOM

WALT'S OFFICE

MAGNOLIA BAR & GRILL

SOUND RECORDING STUDIO

LAWN OUTSIDE THE STUDIO

PARKING LOT OUTSIDE THE STUDIO

*Things should be laid out minimally so that the action is fluid and a sense of place and time-passage can be communicated through lighting.*

*Try for speed in performance, erring on the side of overlapping the dialogue, since there are only three characters and therefore also a number of monologues to invisible people (placed out in the audience) to stand in for the hundreds of folks involved in this tumultuous time at a bustling movie studio. The pace should be pretty brisk until a few choice moments that can really be earned.*

# A VENOMOUS COLOR: BURBANK

*PROLOGUE A: 1935 - LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA*

LIGHTS UP.

**DISNEY STUDIO ON HYPERION AVENUE—  
ANIMATION DEPARTMENT**

*ART BABBITT, late twenties, enters, with a folder of papers tucked in his arm. A little off-balance; he's just flipped on the light switch. He wears glasses and suspenders. He heads over to his animation table and opens a drawer, fumbling around for a second. He checks his pockets "one more time."*

*A COUGH is heard OFFSTAGE, down the hallway. Art pricks up. He goes back to the drawer a bit more desperate to find something. The coughing gets louder and the door opens.*

*WALT DISNEY, mid-thirties, enters, in brown pants and a striped T-shirt with a cigarette burning away in his hand. Jet-black hair combed straight back but at this hour some of it flopping forward a bit, and a thin mustache.*

ART Oh, howdy Uncle Walt. Come in here to sign all the pictures?

*Walt is still coughing, trying to speak. Art finally finds what he was looking for: he takes out a set of keys and shuts the drawer.*

ART Forgot my keys, that's all. I'm not working late. I've got discipline.

WALT This rabbit needs work.

ART Uh, what's wrong with the rabbit?

WALT Goodnight.

ART If you don't mind, what's wrong with him?

WALT I don't like 'im. Sleep on that.

ART The design? I mean, if you wanna explain...

WALT Why do I oughta' explain it to you, I don't know, goddammit, why...? That's why I hired you, cause you're the goddamm "artist," right? Not me. Isn't that right?

ART I mean... if you say so, Uncle Walt.

*Art puts his keys down, opens his pad up on the table. He flips through a couple of pages on his pad. Walt gathers himself with an "Ah, shit," regretful he's given Art a bit of a compliment.*

ART Not quite loose enough here. He's gotta get more limber in his joins [sic].

WALT Could be it. (Coughs)

ART He's gotta be a little—beer-tilt something... just a little up on something.

*They both hunker down over the paper, getting sucked into the process for a second:*

WALT Slow—wait—slow down a little. (*Flips through*) Cause you've got, if you give 'im more frames here: what's that? Four, five? You're overcompensating;

ART I don't think—

WALT —if you want 'im more limber you gotta give him more room between here and here, let your boy do the in-betweens.

ART If he's loose inside, Walt, you gotta have more key frames, not less—

WALT No, it's getting soupy that's all—

ART —he's not playing baseball—

WALT I said it's getting soupy, Art. That's what I said. It's getting too fluid. Focus on the pose now. Not "pose-to-pose," / technically, but, you know—

ART I am focusing on the pose-to-pose, Walt, this isn't the kind of thing you can just flip through, I swear if we put this on the moviola / it comes out just fine.

WALT You got naked ladies at your goddamn house?

ART Whoa, what's that?

WALT I said do you have naked ladies, nude women, coming in, modelin' for ya at your house? Nude ladies?

ART Who told you that?

WALT Could have been anybody mentioned it, shit, I don't

remember. 'Zit true?

ART Well, sure. Sure it's true.

WALT What the hell, Art?

ART Well look: what do we got in the way of humanity around here?

WALT Around where? Humanity, whaddaya mean, humanity?

ART I mean, of the human persuasion, what have we got? Besides animals?

WALT Where?

ART Broken toy soldiers. Dollies. Little cookie girl. Grim Natwick's girls, they're all eyelashes. What's that guy's mother look like, huh?

WALT How long have you been inviting these nude—nude—nude—

ART Look look look, you wanna' princess in your picture? Or a queen, a maid, whatever—you start with the woman.

WALT Ah hah?

ART It's science.

WALT Science.

ART Think about it this way: how does Frank draw a girl?

*With a whistling finger, he draws a line straight down in the air.*

ART How does Freddie draw a girl?

*Whistling, he makes a large circle.*

ART Look, I'm not saying girls don't come in all shapes and sizes (*he's an expert*). But you want everybody drawing in a way that fits together. You want "The Disney look," right? Right?

WALT Yeah...

ART But you got all these petulant little boy geniuses doing their different thing. Come on, you know that's a problem.

WALT Well, sure, yeah, especially you *damm* New Yorkers.

ART So I'm getting Frank and Freddie, and everybody else, into one room. So it's my living room, fine. But now Frank and Freddie are looking at the same thing, drawing the same thing.

WALT A naked girl.

ART A real girl.

WALT Huh?

ART Everybody's starting with reality.

WALT Reality, hah?

ART (*Snapping his fingers at objects*) Table. Chair.

*He looks over Walt's shoulder, as if there might be a woman standing there.*

ART (*snapping*) Woman!

*Walt takes the bait and turns, instantly feeling stupid for it.*

WALT What if it got in the paper, that's all I'm sayin, "Disney Boys! All Together From Disney's, Sittin' Around a Living Room With Naked Gals In Private Burbank House!" Kinda headline's that, ya know, ya know, ya know?

ART The press (*shaking his head*) full of degenerates.

WALT Yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh, you payin' these girls?

ART Of course I'm payin' them.

WALT How much you payin' em?

ART Oh, the going rate.

WALT Right, but, but—

ART Up front.

WALT Okay, well good, but—

ART You think I'd let a girl take off her clothes in my living room without throwing her a buck and a half?

WALT Why you gotta do that!

ART I just told you.

WALT Why ya' gotta pay for it out of pocket?

ART I don't think they want a trade—

WALT You draw 'em here at the studio.

ART The...

WALT Let me pay for it!

ART ...naked—?

WALT Studio pays for that.

ART You want naked girls at the Disney Studio?

WALT Well, they'd come to work at a regular hour just like all the other girls working there. And leave at a regular hour.

ART Right. Real organized.

WALT Not sneaking out of your place in the middle of the night.

ART And of course we'd never fuck 'em on the lot.

*Walt wants to hit back but has a coughing fit instead.*

ART Say, you wanna do a quick spell on that cough, Walt?

WALT Shut up.

ART Gimme ten minutes, I'll knock it right out (*snaps his fingers like a magician*).

WALT Oh. I don't think I'm very suggestible.

ART Oh, you're not, huh? Hey, just relax for a second, take a seat—

WALT Oh, no, I know you like going around with your amateur hypnosis horseshit—

ART You know what I think—I think half that cough is in your head.

WALT I know where my cough is.

ART Yes, but where is it coming from?

WALT Whadareyou talkin about?

*Art jingles his keys and heads out the door. Walt reasserts himself:*

WALT We're gonna get some pencil tests going on that feature-length we're gonna do. Princess picture. Snow White picture.

*Art has to pop his head back in.*

ART Oh yeah? (Well) that's exciting. About time.

WALT Yeah. And I think uh... I think I might have a character that would work for... for you.

ART I'm flattered.

WALT Well, you'll see what it is.

ART *(suddenly terrified)* Not a handsome prince. Gad! Oh shit, now I've given you ideas. Please, I'll be a good boy, Walt, just don't gimme a handsome prince.

WALT Well. You just hafta promise me one thing Art, if we give you this character.

ART Oh, sure, Walt, what is it?

WALT Make sure she keeps her goddamn clothes on.

ART Heh. So long, boss.

*Art leaves. Walt turns to the drafting table. We can't tell if he disapproves of Art's work or envies it.*

LIGHTS CHANGE

**PROLOGUE B: 1939 - SPRING**

*Walt walks up to a group of story men [the audience]. He is both very serious and also like a kid in a candy store with all the ideas, surrounded by his helpers.*

WALT Ya know boys, it's been a couple years since *Snow White*, and I didn't wanna do another princess picture straight away, even though that was so goddamn successful. Because we still don't yet know what the animation medium can really, truly do. So, we gotta take this opportunity, take all that money, and finish building this new place, and make things people won't even expect. Things they can't even imagine. Like *Fantasia*. Take "The Rite of Spring," and show 'em the origin of the world. But my brother Roy, he's counting the beans, and he says "Walt, we might hit some tough times financially." And I said, "The fuck you want me to do about that I'm just the storyteller." But I brought all of you in here today to talk about maybe, well, having another princess picture in development. Just in case of hard times.

I was taking a look at the sequence in *Pinocchio* where we got 'em underwater, and it sorta works, so I started telling my girls the story of *The Little Mermaid*. They seem to like it. They haven't got bored yet. I tell 'em when I tuck em in every night in a slightly different way. Cause there are plenty of things in that story that I don't like. We gotta change some shit. So let's get some storyboards going this week. In case my brother Roy bursts in one day and says, "Walt, times are tough! We need to tell another princess story!"

LIGHTS CHANGE to

**1941 - SPRING - the general time when the rest of the action**

*takes place*

### **THE MAGNOLIA BAR & GRILL**

*Animators and others from the Disney studio hang out here, make horse bets, and blow off steam.*

*Art Babbitt enters with a drink in hand and takes a seat, trading an office war story with a pal (offstage/in the audience).*

ART Well, *Fantasia* was a bust, that wasn't a surprise. But they're still spending money left and right, so, I go into the front office and I ask, very nicely, can my assistant get a raise? "No!" they say. "Nobody's going to see *Pinocchio* in Italy! Mussolini's banned all the American movies. So no raises." But plenty of air conditioning, blowing all through these giant new buildings. No, nothing fascist about that. (*Takes a drink*) Roosevelt wants to get us into this war, I'm for it! We're all the perfect age to go and fight. Most of us missed out on the last one, but... And we can knock off this Mussolini guy and get our little wooden boy the box office he deserves. But then who's gonna do the animating?

*He takes a drink.*

ART Am I drunk? I'm drunk. I'm gonna end up like Freddie. Reaching a plateau in my abilities and turning right to the bottle. At Disney's if you're not getting better at your work, you may as well be getting worse. And if you're getting worse, you may as well enjoy it (*takes a big swig*). Freddie? Fred? You're missing out on all the girls over here, all the inkers and painters. Teaching each other to dance now, real cute. Rock-step, kick! Don't you look at me, sis! (*Shows his wedding ring*) You got Uncle Walt's memo about all us "happily marrieds" at Disney's? "Dear Silly Fillies, you stay away from the taken boys. Because there's no such thing as an unhappy marriage."

*He looks at his wedding ring. Takes some change out of his pocket. He*

*walks to a payphone on one side of the stage as –*

**LIGHTS GO UP ON:**

*The other side of the stage, Walt appearing at a music stand, in a recording booth.*

*[We now have a split-screen kind of set up with Art and Walt both on opposite sides of the stage]:*

**WALT AS MICKEY** Uh hi! Huh-huh. Easy now there boy!  
(Retake) Easy now there boy!

*He looks up and out (at the recording engineer's booth) hearing something...*

**WALT** What's that? No, you're the director, I wanna do it right for you. Okay good.

*Art slips in a dime for the payphone, and talks to the operator:*

**ART** Hello, get me Pittsburgh—what is it—P-A-I-N. (Shared amusement) Yeah, I know what that spells, I'm calling my wife. Hahah! Pittsburgh, sixty-eight fifty. Thanks, doll.

**WALT AS MICKEY** I can see the band from here, pal!

**ART** Margie! You answered the phone! You're not out after the show celebrating, getting friendly for your next big break? It's a joke! It's a joke, Marge, come on.

**WALT AS MICKEY** I can see the band from here, pal!

**ART** Where am I? At a bar. With the fellas! With the fellas, Marge! Freddie's missing, we gotta find him, so where else am I gonna look?

*Walt listens to his off-stage director, having a good time getting into a little debate:*

WALT What's that? Frowning in the storyboard? He's frowning in the storyboard? Well that's a mistake, he's warning the pup, not scolding 'im. Mickey's--Mickey's not a mean guy.

ART Why would I call you from the bar if I was up to no good? Of course there's inkers and painters here. No I don't buy them milkshakes.

WALT Never mind the storyboard, what do you want, Jaxon? No, no, I'm at your service. I'm not a director, I did that for the last time, you remember. So you got some idea of how I should do something one way or another, Willie, just go on and say it.

ART (*who me?*) No, broads from the Nunnery never interested me. (*Beat*) Huh? Oh, I'm no good with Tone of Voice, Marge, I don't know what that means. Yeah, well next time I'll send a telegram and you can just make up a tone of voice in your head. But I prefer pestering you out loud, honey.

WALT A hah?

ART If I can't pester you in the flesh I can at least pester you contemporaneously: "III missssssssss yoooooo."

WALT Ahhhh, you know what, this memo's burning a hole in my pocket; Gunther knows I don't like to be disturbed doing my Mickeys but that must mean it's important somehow, so, so, I mean I can't concentrate on what you're saying unless I go on and give this a read first, and if there's a girl somewhere who might be able to grab me a hotdog or something—a hotdog—I think I just might need a little more energy, I think that might be it, Willie, I just don't have the energy, that you want, so...

ART (*fiddling with his wedding ring, drunkenly thinking this next*

*joke is brilliant) You know, Marge, just cause you played the Blue Fairy doesn't mean you had to up and disappear as soon as you made a real boy out of me. No, I know it's my fault. You're right, if I was at home I'd be glued to my drawing table, paying you no mind.*

*Walt's been reading the memo, slowly... he looks up to the booth.*

WALT Willie, are you organizing? T'join up some union called the "Screen Cartoonists Guild?" Yah hand in some kinda card?

ART You'd be here too right now, stuck with the rest of us if you weren't so darn good at reading a contract.

WALT Well, you ever heard of em? No, not the Federation of Screen Cartoonists, that was our thing, this is different, this is the Screen Cartoonists Guild.

WALT Ya ever heard of a guy named Herb Sorrell?

ART You sound happy. Everybody's miserable here.

WALT You'd say this is a good place to work, wouldn't ya? I mean, you would, wouldn't ya? Anyway, you ready to—? Oh, load up another reel(?)—okay.

ART It's turned into a factory, only... there aren't any rules. It's all cockeyed.

WALT Ya know my father who also hired lotsa people. He let folks walk all over him cause he read all those commie papers — "Be kind to the working man." That's how I learned to draw actually, would copy the cartoons off the front, ya know, the

kind that aren't funny, big words everywhere to make sure you know who's the bad guy—"David/ Goliath." Pullman strike stuff, cute stuff. I'd draw the trains when he would leave 'em on the sofa. He never paid me and Roy a cent for our paper route. Never paid me and little Roy a damm cent for selling apples out there, door to door, in the bitter cold. (*Violently*) "I clothe you and I feed you, and you live in my house, poor boy, poor boy, maybe someday, maybe someday, when you're as tall as me, kid, you can tell me to get lost, but today. Right now, you're stuck in my house! This is my house!" (*Snaps back to reality*) Scary. That's real commie sh—(*noticing ladies present*)—stuff, ya know. Food, clothes, a house just big enough. No dreams. That hot dog? Yeah? You're not a commie, Willie, are ya? Naw, you hate procedure, time clocks and shit like that. I worked at one place with a time clock. I'll never have time clocks here, never.

ART When you do come back, I'll take you out.

WALT So whatever this Herb Sorrell fella thinks he's doing trying to make up a union from the outside, he's got another thing coming! Screen Cartoonist's Guild, my fanny! Why the hell would anybody need to unionize at a place like this? We got volleyball. And he says I gotta talk to, I gotta talk to Art Babbitt? What the hell I gotta talk to Art Babbitt for? I better give Gunther a quick call... (*leaves but comes back immediately*) no, no, no, this—this comes first. This always comes first. You ready? I'll have that hot dog after we do another take.

*Angsty and worried, Walt loudly clears his messy throat, spins his finger in a "record this" motion, then snaps into hyper-friendly/happy mode again:*

WALT AS MICKEY I can see the band from here, pal!

ART I'm gonna try to find Freddie. Good night, Marge. I love you.

*LIGHTS OUT.*

*[A spell of music, to separate that more stylized prologue section from the next part]:*

*LIGHTS UP.*

**WALT'S OFFICE**

*Art Babbitt enters, a pencil in his graphite-stained hand - he's been summoned like a child but knows how to overcome that with his posture.*

ART Howdy, Walt.

*Walt stands from his desk.*

WALT Hiya, Babbitt. We've got some serious business.

ART It must be serious business, I haven't seen you in...

WALT I know everybody tells me they haven't seen me.  
*(Coughs)* How's Margie?

ART Margie? –'s in Pittsburgh with the Three Stooges.

WALT Oh, out of town, hah?

ART She's doing some dance numbers in between their schtick.

WALT I never liked those guys.

ART They've got their thing.

WALT Never liked 'em, all gags, no heart.

ART Sure, heartless bastards cutting my wife a paycheck.

WALT Didn't realize she needed one of those.

ART Well. She doesn't need me, that's for sure.

WALT Well.

ART But it's a good gig for a rising star.

WALT Rising! We have her playing Snow White, then the Blue Fairy, and now... She's in Pittsburgh!

ART Well, she's faring better than the other girl, Adrianna.

WALT What?

ART The other half of Snow White.

WALT Oh, what about her?

ART Never mind.

WALT Must remind you of your bachelor days, that's all, hah-hah.

ART You having marital problems, Walt?

WALT Hah?

ART Is this the "serious business" / you needed to—

WALT Oh. No. Uh, you know I'm no good at this fuckin' small talk shit. But--but--but look I've got some good news for you, Babbitt. Yeah, we wanna bring back the (*tries to inject enthusiasm into the alien phrase*) Federation of Screen Cartoonists. And you can head that up.

ART Wait, what?

WALT Whaddaya mean, what?

ART The company union from years ago?

WALT Yeah.

ART You want me to bring back the company union?

WALT See, this fella by the name of Herb Sorrell wants to come into our studio —

ART Yeah, I heard about that.

WALT Right, I know it's going around. And he's just like that other fella, Willie Bioff. You remember Willie Bioff? IATSE?

ART IATSE, sure, I remember IATSE.

WALT IATSE!

ART Tough bastards.

WALT Yeah, and you did the right thing, you created the Federation. So we could stop that whole Al Capone gang from taking over our studio. So we gotta stop them again.

ART Stop who?

WALT Huh?

ART Who are we stopping?

WALT This Herb Sorrell fella.

ART But who's he connected with?

WALT What?

ART Is Herb Sorrell part of the Al Capone gang? Is he a gangster?

WALT He's—some—stevedore who's come in and said he's got a majority of our artists to sign these union cards. He's on a mission to bust up our whole studio.

ART Well, to unionize the studio.

WALT Yeah, but not for the good of anybody. He wants to destroy us. He's just some commie who can't make his own thing. So he goes around, tearing other folks down, the people who do things, and make things, and he's on the war path, so we gotta get that Federation of yours back together before yesterday, and we gotta let the Labor Board know it's all set up and we gotta head this thing off.

ART Well, I can't.

WALT You're gonna have to explain that to me, you can't just say "I can't," and then—

ART Back when we made the Federation, we asked for a few things, like a union asks.

WALT Right, "demands."

ART Right, and you guys said "get lost, we don't negotiate."

WALT I didn't say "get lost."

ART To that effect.

WALT Maybe Gunther said things in a harsh way--ya know,

he's the lawyer, he's gotta take that guard dog tone.

ART It doesn't matter about the tone, Walt, the problem was, there was nothing there. I can't go back to the boys now and say "hey, you guys wanna do that all again for nothing?"

WALT Roy said we just couldn't afford the things you all were demanding.

ART Right. Always another guy's fault: Roy's, Gunny's...

WALT I gotta defer to those fellas on these things, I've got to do my job.

ART And so do I. I heard you're not happy with my work on the stork.

WALT The stork? This is about the fate of the whole goddamn studio. The stork's... the stork almost works, he just needs more appeal.

ART *(of course)* Oh, right.

WALT The poses aren't strong enough, he's too fluid. But I'll tell you what that is--

ART What?

WALT Well, it's because you rely on tracing over the rotoscope, that's why.

ART Oh yeah?

WALT Yeah, you've gotten used to copying over stuff they've already filmed in real life. You got obsessed with reality, which is fine, but you leaned on it like a crutch.

ART Is that right? I'm using reality as a crutch?

WALT You gotta get back in touch with your imagination, Babbitt.

ART Interesting.

WALT Yeah. *(As if he's just done him a big favor)* So can you go to the boys?

ART *(almost amused by Walt's tone-deafness)* Uh. *(Beat)* I mean, if this guy's already got a majority of the artists, what's the point?

WALT That's what he says. And even if it's true, how'd he get 'em? *(Mimes a boxer)*

ART *(mirroring the gesture)* What's this, what do you mean by this?

WALT Well, he's--

ART He's going around punching fellas on the lot? Or is this a metaphor or--

WALT He is a boxer.

ART That's perfectly respectable.

WALT He knows how to use fear, okay, and the new boys around here are impressionable. And that's—that's—that's why I'm asking you to talk to em. Because you... you can influence. That's a, a skill that you have.

ART Walt, was that a compliment? You really must be under pressure.

WALT Influence is better than intimidation. And that's what this

guy is using.

ART But is he an actual Al Capone gangster, like Willie Bioff. Was a gangster. With a gun.

WALT He's said some very threatening things, I'll tell you that.

ART Okay, like what?

WALT Violent things.

ART Like what?

WALT Some rally last week he told everybody he was gonna (cough) he told everybody he was gonna (cough) gonna squeeze my balls (cough) til I screamed, ya know ya know ya know ya know ya know?

ART S—uh, squeeze your / balls?

WALT That's what he really said, I didn't make that up, he's obviously a violent man.

ART Do you think Al Capone would ever wanna squeeze your balls?

WALT It's not that he wants to squeeze—them, he's just using the threat of violence—

ART Oh, I think if he says he's going to it means that he wants to.

WALT *Bambi's* finally really coming along in a big way, it's beautiful beautiful beautiful stuff. We're trying this uh, triple exposure technique for the shadows. It's gonna be a whole kinda reality like no one's ever seen. We're making a whole forest that people will get lost in. (Beat) But. You're not gonna help me out,

you're not gonna help me out. So just go, go, go...

ART I can't go back to these men about the Federation, I'd be a laughing stock.

WALT That's part of your job here, being a laughing stock. It's part of my job! Where would I be if I couldn't stand a little ridicule? Just talk to the main boys, your friends. Ward, Milt, Freddie. Especially Milt, he seems like he might be kind of a commie.

ART I haven't seen Freddie in two weeks.

*Beat. Walt waits.*

ART Nobody has. You know how much you pay him? Three hundred dollars a week. More than anybody else in the entire studio.

WALT You're not hurtin' Babbitt.

ART That's not what I'm saying--

WALT How many cars you got now?

ART No, it's not about me, Walt. Listen.

WALT Don't tell me to listen.

ART You're telling me to pull together some kind of "Federation  
—"

WALT And I still don't understand what the big deal is that you can't just--

ART There's nothing to pull together! The Federation of who? Your best-paid guy is completely AWOL. That's what I'm saying.

*Art fishes in his pocket and takes out a little drawing and hands it over to Walt.*

ART Nobody's seen him. But he finds a way to drop these crazy things on our desks when we're not around. Like an inebriate elf.

*He drops a couple more – they're sketches of buxom, nude girls. Walt regards them fearfully, like he should be wearing gloves.*

WALT The hell are these? *[If the audience can't see clearly]:* Nude – nude – nude –

ART They're little ransom notes from a captive mind. He was the golden boy not too long ago, wasn't he, Walt?

WALT He thinks pretty highly of himself.

ART He should. He redesigned the Mouse.

WALT Sure.

ART "Sure?" Come on, Freddie added those expressive eyeballs, so they weren't shifty dots anymore, but real eyeballs in the head, he gave the whole kid weight, and gravity. Freddie did all that. He made the Mouse... more huggable.

WALT Huggable?

ART Yeah. Like you could reach out into the screen, and give him a real hug.

WALT Well that's why I pay Freddie a good fuckin' salary.

ART Yeah, but then when we changed some of our techniques, he fell behind.

WALT Aw shucks, what a sob story. So's that when I stopped paying him?

ART You stopped talking to him.

WALT What the hell is this place? Everybody's telling me what's not working here and not working there, they don't see me around enough; this place is a ship, and I've gotta steer the whole thing. Why can't Freddie just do his goddamn job?

ART It's not just a job. Freddie's an artist.

WALT Aw Christ, you fucking East Coast touch-me-not, little—

ART He's an artist, Walt.

WALT (*mocking*) "He's an artist, Walt!"

ART He's soft—

WALT In the head, yeah he is.

ART He's a squashy, stretchy fella. That's why he's a great animator. Cause he just draws who he is. It doesn't take a genius to see that.

WALT And yet, here we are!

ART Look, if you call Freddie in, just have a heart to heart, maybe I could talk to some of the fellas about starting up the Federation again.

WALT What am I supposed to say to the guy?

ART Just show your appreciation.

WALT For what?

ART For him.

WALT I'm not his father. I don't pay him an allowance. I pay him a salary. Three hundred dollars?

ART The three hundred doesn't mean anything to him, he throws it on a losing horse, gets hammered, and sits there drawing all the girls he's too groggy to actually pick up.

WALT Is this your uh, New York psychology degree that you're always itching to bring out?

ART I thought you liked psychology, Walt, I thought that was part of what we're trying to work on here.

WALT You think you could do my job, don't you?

ART I didn't say that.

WALT (*that's a yes*) You think you could do my job!

ART You can't do your job when things are like this.

WALT Oh yeah?

ART Yeah, you need a union even more than we do.

WALT All right, then, wiseguy, do it!

ART Fine! Then maybe Freddie would actually clock in.

WALT No-no! I don't mean a real union with time clocks and shit, I mean just to stop the fuckin' gangsters, that's all.

ART Well, that I am not going to do, Walter. But I'm not going to work with Sorrell either. I'm not going to do anything, I'm just going to focus on my animation.

*A moment. Walt picks up the phone.*

WALT Get me Ben Sharpsteen.

ART So, are we done?

WALT (*the impetuousness*) "Are we done?" If you're not doing anything to save our studio from a buncha gangster thugs then yeah, we're done—(*phone*) hi Ben, take Freddie offa *Dumbo*. Why? Well, one of his compatriots has just informed on him that he's a drunk. Yeah, that's what Art Babbitt says, Art Babbitt says Freddie's a drunk and he's AWOL.

ART That's not what I meant—

WALT Yeah, no he's just sold him right up the river. Nah, I didn't realize that's the kind of guy he was. So if Norm Ferguson's not too busy, get him to pick up Freddie's slack on that Timothy character. Fergie's good on straight-ahead-action, he gets it. Boot Freddie. (*Slams the phone*) Now take these goddamm things and get out. (*Shoves the drawings back across the desk*) Take em! Take, take! Take!

*Art takes them off the table and looks at them, freshly amused by them.*

ART Maybe you are getting your three-hundred-dollars-worth, Walt.

WALT How's that?

ART Well, look at these, Freddie's hard at work here. Going back to nature, back to reality. See look: nice and round and soft.

WALT The hell you saying?

ART I'm saying real mice don't have ears like Mickey's. So Freddie's getting his form just right offa these precocious little

tit.

WALT Get the fuck out of my office!

ART Stop unionizing on company time!

*With the last barb, Art exits swiftly.*

*Walt, furious and confused, lights a cigarette. The PHONE RINGS, startling him. He picks it up.*

WALT Hello? Hi Roy. Yeah, I'm talking to him. Yeah, uh... I know about the bank, I know about the bank. I told you we're thinking about another princess picture. Maybe they'd want to invest in that. *The Little Mermaid*. We've got one storyboard that I think works. Where she's gonna meet the prince for the second time. She's lost her voice to the evil sea witch in a contract, but she's been given her legs. So she's waaahshed up on the shore... with these things she doesn't know how to use! And the midday sun's beating down on the sand...

*As Walt tells his brother this story, almost as if he's painting the picture before his desk:*

LIGHTS ADD:

#### **THE LAWN OUTSIDE THE INK & PAINT BUILDING**

*BETTY ANN, a young woman in the ink and paint department, is lying under a tree, eyes closed, with an apple in her hand.*

WALT She's spent her whole life under the water, and after a minute, she realizes it's the longest she's ever been out in the sun. And it's kinda liberating. But also kinda scary.

LIGHTS DOWN ON WALT, leaving us only with the lawn.

*Art enters, a giant ham sandwich in his hand, half wrapped in wax paper. He sees Betty Ann and goes to her. He lifts her arm and taps her.*

ART You all right?

*She stirs and comes to, looking around for the voice that woke her up.*

BETTY ANN Yes, no, how do you do, I was just, I was... Oh, you're not a traffic boy.

ART (*nerdy/ possibly the Goofy voice*) "You're in big trouble sis!" You need to go home or something?

BETTY ANN For napping?

ART Napping? You were out cold, catching flies.

BETTY ANN I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine.

*Art know she's not fine, so he's going to hang around for a second to get a better handle on her situation, concerned but friendly, so she might open up.*

ART You work in the Nunnery?

BETTY ANN Yeah, I'm a painter. And inker, sometimes.

ART Is that all you're eating today?

BETTY ANN Is this all I'm eating today? No!

ART I'm Art.

BETTY ANN I know that. Art Babbitt.

ART Yeah.

BETTY ANN I love Goofy so much, Mister Babbitt, I got to paint him once, It's so amazing, you never know which way his limbs are gonna go.

ART What's your name?

BETTY ANN Me? I'm Betty Ann.

ART You're very kind, Betty Ann.

BETTY ANN And the Wicked Queen, wow, she was so real! I was in the same room as a girl who got was inking over her.

ART Oh, you've been here since *Snow White*, since the little place?

BETTY ANN Yeah. Crazy times.

*He finally takes a seat next to her, maybe he'll eat with her instead of at his desk.*

BETTY ANN I still don't know how you did that Wicked Queen though.

ART Eh, I like tapping into my feminine side. The truth is, we all do. Especially Milt.

BETTY ANN Really?

ART Yeah. (*Taking the pencil from behind his ear*) You take a pencil, and you can be anything.

*Betty Ann looks ready to take the pencil from him, but he doesn't offer it.*

ART It's like Shakespeare and his acting troupe. That was all fellas, you know that?

BETTY ANN What was all fellas?

ART Back in the old times, fellas played all the parts.

BETTY ANN Really?

ART Even Juliet—was a fella with a close shave, that's all.

*For some reason this is really throwing her, partly from embarrassment she wanted to take the pencil from him, and partly just from being hungry and out of it.*

ART Hey look, would you put the apple down for a second, and try something with me?

BETTY ANN (*putting the apple down*) Sure.

ART Just, just for a minute—hold your hands together like this?

*Hands together, he holds his arms out; she copies him.*

ART Great, now can you just close your eyes for a second?

*She closes her eyes.*

ART Okay that's good, now can you squeeze real tight?

*She squeezes her hands together.*

ART Tighter.

*She squeezes tighter.*

ART Tighter!

*She squeezes even tighter.*

ART Okay let go, relax and imagine your paycheck, what's the number on the paycheck?

BETTY ANN (*kneejerk*) Eighteen.

ART Dollars?

BETTY ANN Yeah, wait, I shouldn't have told you that, what the heck?

ART I knew you'd never tell me unless I pulled one of my silly tricks. But that felt good, right? Just relaxing?

BETTY ANN (*eyes still closed*) Yeah.

ART Yeah. How much was the bus this morning?

BETTY ANN I got a weekly.

ART Okay fine, and I suppose you got your free coffee cake this morning?

BETTY ANN Yes.

ART You're really living it up. But the clock goes 'round, and around... and you're hungry again.

BETTY ANN I get paid enough, Mister Babbitt.

ART (*re: the hot weather*) You're having a hot apple for lunch.

BETTY ANN No.

ART (*rhythmic, hypnotic tit-for-tat, yes/no/why/why*) Yes. Why?

BETTY ANN Why?

ART Just keep relaxed, and think about it. And really: tell me

why.

*A beat... she searches earnestly until the answer comes:*

BETTY ANN I don't wanna be a stenographer.

ART Well that's / an interesting reason--

BETTY ANN My roommate's a stenographer and she makes tons of money. My friend pours coffee, and those tips add up. I mean, I play piano a little. Thought I could be a music plugger... but every time I think... I mean, the stuff we get to make here... the truth is, Mister Babbitt, I just love this place so much, (*opens her eyes*) I just love it here. We made *Fantasia*!

ART *Fantasia*, right, well that's exactly why you're not getting paid enough. So Uncle Walt can make a picture nobody sees, while he plays "experimental artiste" with Stravinsky.

BETTY ANN Oh I loved that—

ART He thinks the "Rite of Spring" is about dinosaurs. Dinosaurs? It's about girls! Women!

BETTY ANN I thought the dinosaurs were just terrific!

ART Mushrooms. I was all up into mushrooms. How to cook 'em, pick 'em, couldn't pull me away.

BETTY ANN Oh, the dancing mushrooms were terrific! They were just so... so... (*hard time finding words from the head and lack of food*) so fluid, you know?

ART (*honestly flattered*) Heh, yeah I tried. Thanks, Betty. You know what I'm working on next? Picture about a ham sandwich.

BETTY ANN Really? Get out!

ART (*holding the sandwich up*) Research. But you know what would help me out is if I could see what it looks like when somebody's eating it. (*Hands half of it to her*) So I can really get to know the thing in all its different capacities. You know?

BETTY ANN Huh... uh, sure!

*She looks confused, but takes half the sandwich. A beat. She takes a bite--it's impossible to hide how long she's been wanting food like this.*

ART I don't mean to say you're not perfectly graceful, but that's obviously the first thing you've eaten all day.

BETTY ANN (*mouthful*) Nnnn-m-m-m! Iff-nop, iff-nop.

ART Look, when I started working here, I worked for free, just to make sure they hired me. I wanted to work here so bad. I get what you're saying about *Fantasia*, and the magic and all that. But it doesn't mean I don't see the reality of what this place has become over time.

*Betty Ann's been nodding in understanding, getting a little choked up.*

BETTY ANN I just don't know how to spend my money, that's all. I don't have a fella.

ART Huh?

BETTY ANN I don't get invited to parties / anymore—

ART Parties?

BETTY ANN Cause I never invite anybody back 'cause my place is too small.

ART Sounds like a vicious cycle / to me.

BETTY ANN So I don't meet fellas, and when I do, they say such stupid stuff anyway—

ART You're not gonna eat until you get married?

BETTY ANN Huh?

ART What is is with the getting married stuff! Getting married never stopped a woman from being independent, if she's a certain kind of woman. Right?

*She just looks at him, confused.*

ART Keep eating, you're gonna pass out again. (*Right back to his train of thought*) No, how can you tell a woman where she ought to be, if you don't understand her? You understand she's got dreams. She's an artist. She wants to go to Pennsylvania? She should go, and she should stay there, and do whatever the hell she wants, I don't care!

BETTY ANN Pennsylvania?

ART (*dead serious, in the eye, like she should know*) Pennsylvania. I'm gonna go to Roy's office and I'm gonna tell him. There's a girl out on the lawn who can't afford to eat.

BETTY ANN I can afford to / eat—

ART All the money it takes to build a new place like this: it's all real fancy, but you lose track of your human beings. You hear that, Roy Something Something Disney? (*Betty Ann just nods along*) "I said, you hear that, Roy?"

BETTY ANN (*assuming the role of Roy*) "Well, sure, Babbitt. I hear that."

ART Of course you do, you just have lot on your plate, so all I got to do is explain it to you, 'cause it's mathematics.

BETTY ANN (*getting into it*) "Why, I love mathematics!"

ART Real, straight numbers.

BETTY ANN "Real straight numbers!"

ART Fifteen cents for a ham sandwich. Right? And then what is it, ten cents, for dessert? And then another five or ten for a glass of tomato juice, so let's just say six bits... ten, fifty, fifty... one-eighty-five! So two bucks! I want two bucks on every salary in the ink and paint department.

BETTY ANN "Well, shucks, that's an awful lot, Babbitt!"

ART An awful lot?

BETTY ANN "Ladies oughta know how to handle their budget book!"

ART Haha, you're pretty good at this. Next you're gonna tell me they oughta get married. (*Fired up at this*) I'm going to go talk to him right now.

BETTY ANN Talk to—talk to Roy?

*He stands, still talking to Roy in his mind:*

ART You're not gonna pay the girls enough so they gotta get married, and if they get married they're not gonna work here anymore! What do you want from people?

BETTY ANN No, wait, don't—!

ART Why? What?

BETTY ANN You don't wanna cause any trouble!

ART I don't wanna cause trouble? Have we met?

BETTY ANN Don't tell them I'm asking for any more money or anything!

ART I'm asking.

BETTY ANN They're gonna think I complained.

ART Sweetheart, you were out cold. You're not complaining. *(Excited)* I'm complaining.

BETTY ANN But—

ART Eat, Betty Ann, eat.

*He marches off. She sits there, a little disturbed. But she looks at her sandwich and decides to entertain herself.*

BETTY ANN *(as Roy)* Fifteen cents? How am I supposed to know a thing like that? I'm rich!

*LIGHTS CHANGE*

**BURBANK STUDIO HALLWAY, LATE AFTERNOON**

*Walt is on a phone in a hallway—phones are everywhere in this giant new place.*

WALT Girl on a lawn? Of course it's all about a goddamn girl. What kind? Blonde? Pretty? She even real? He said he was too focused on his animation, but suddenly he stumbles over some blonde on a lawn and now he's Jesus Christ. Teamed up with all the goddamn thugs trying to burn the studio to the ground. And he's still on the payroll! Find some way to fire him. I dunno, prove he's been organizing on company time. If you can't do that, just—get creative! This Sorrell guy's just smeared the hell

outta me. It's some new bullshit every day he says. What? See? So I'm a Jew hater now, is that right? Well, no! I don't give a shit about Jews one way or the other. I hate New Yorkers. And I hate intellectuals. But I could care less about Jews if I cared at all. So if that's what they wanna tell people... to make it harder for me to do business in this town... ah, fuck it.

Why don't they let us do a secret vote? Then we'll really see who wants a union and who doesn't. People love it here. We got volleyball. But I know people say they don't see my face around anymore, so I need to get 'em all together into a projection room and I'll tell 'em if they unionize they'll destroy this place.

How's that a legal issue? Fine, I won't use the word "union." I don't need to use that word, I can just talk to them and tell them the reality. They need a strong dose of reality, that's all. I'll turn this situation around real quick. Just you wait.

*He hangs up, and steps out into a*

### ***PROJECTION ROOM***

*facing "the boys." He tries on a couple different expressions of welcome and worry, until he finds a way into chatting with them:*

WALT I wish we had a film to project in here. I wish we were doing the work we're supposed to. But it's time to stop treating y'all as children and start treating ya'll as men. So let me tell ya, we're in it with Bank of America, in it for a lot.

*He holds up the envelope; it has stern red stripes along the top.*

WALT I don't know if you understand. This is serious. This is real. In here's a letter from the bank. And what it says is that we can't borrow any more money. I'm telling you, because this money goes to paying you, almost all of it. As it should. But nobody's gone to see *Pinocchio* and nobody's gone to see *Fantasia*, we don't have the receipts. Maybe generations from now, people

will see the beauty in what we've made. But today. The only way we're gonna get out of this now, is with your help. Okay? But I hear there's some of don't like it here [sic]. Or there's some of you maybe think [sic] "Those people in the front office don't care about me." But I'm not in the front office, I've got the same job as you. A storyteller. So I can be level with ya—all I can do is tell you the truth, so...

*He shakes the letter in the air.*

WALT We cannot extend our loans. Twenty thousand is all the cash we have left before the doors close. That's the cost of one short film. One short is all we got left. Seven hundred feet of film. Seven hundred feet of film...

*He's hypnotized himself on this point until he realizes:*

WALT That's exactly the mathematic I used when I cajoled those longheads into bankrolling this little thing called *Snow White*. I did it because I knew that was the length of seven shorts in a row, but we could finance it at a higher cost, because "Hey, Mr. Bank of America, this is a feature film, that comes with a higher price tag." "Oh, okay!" But that just meant we could spend more per seven hundred feet, and that meant that we could achieve more per seven hundred feet than we ever had before, we could advance the medium.

And that's all I'm trying to do here, is advance the medium. Not make a million dollars off your back, or whatever the hell it is you think I'm trying to do. When *Snow White* did make a million dollars, what did I do? Did I buy a mansion? Five cars? No. I built this place for you. To advance the medium. So ask yourselves why you're here. Why are you doing this instead of driving a bus? Why are ya doing this instead of running a hot dog stand, washing dishes, like so many artists are having to do right now? We made it through the Depression fair and square. Roy and I ate beans out of a can at two in the a.m. to advance the

medium, invent the sound cartoon, invent the color cartoon, with Technicolor, invent the multiplane camera. And now these beautiful exposures on *Bambi*.

I trust y'all are here for the same purpose. Because this is your life's work. And lucky for you that you've got air conditioning. And a tuna sandwich at the push of a button. Not beans out of a can at two, three in the a.m., when we were inventing your livelihoods, in an actual sweatbox, a real sweatbox, not this cute "oh shit" holy cow term we've got for holding y'all accountable for what you're committed to doing because it's your life's work.

*He's gotten pretty worked up and fears he's lost them a bit.*

There's gonna be ups and downs, boys, but we gotta take 'em together. Not think the world owes you a living. Not when you're spinning fairy tales from a carpeted office, come on. I didn't even want to take this company public, that was Roy'd doing [sic], I held off as long as I could. How's that for a guy who wants to make a million dollars? Answer to a buncha' Wall Streeters, in New York, who think they know what's gonna be popular with the public? Tell the fella who created Mickey Mouse what's gonna be popular with the public? You know what's popular with those high-flying East-coasters? Gin and women and benzadrine! Naw, that's not what inspires us. You know the aim. To touch people's hearts. That's all. To give people things they love, to do things that have never been done, to bring joy and beauty into the world. Popularity idn't a thing, that's what the folks call it at the end, folks who don't know what you and I know. What it is to touch people's hearts. To make 'em happy for a couple hours. To give them back their childhoods that they thought they'd lost. Or maybe aind't have at all... To bring them into a into a forest—not a forest they know, but a forest they knew. ("Entering" the forest himself) Got the same trees, almost, the same wind, almost, the same little animals running all around, and the same claps of thunder and the same droplets of rain on a leaf (*he can actually see this in front of him like the most benign hallucination*). But they get to look at it with

wonder again, so they sit in their seats but their hearts fly, and they run through that forest, and they run and they run and they run till they find that clean, clean, clean, untouched spot deeeeeep down in 'em that always loves and never dies.

*Beat.*

WALT Oh. Shit. Uh. I've done things out of order. If you received tonight's invitation on a yellow card you're fired.

**BLACKOUT TO THE IMMEDIATE SOUND OF ANGRY WORKERS ON STRIKE.**

*LIGHTS UP on:*

**OUTSIDE THE BURBANK STUDIO**

*Art comes out onto a lawn in the sun, leading THE STRIKE. It's been a number of days now.*

ART (*leading a chant*) Are we mice or are we men? Are we mice or are we men? Are we mice or are we men?

*He braces for applause.*

ART A lotta you heard that sob story from Walt in the projection room. About the bank. Lemme ask you something. If I say I'm working for "Walt Disney," what does that even mean? Am I working for a corporation borrowing money hand over fist? Or "Uncle Walt," fishin' around in his pockets for my livelihood? He doesn't want a salary system, he wants to find a nickel behind your ear (*snares*) and you think "Walty loves me. Walty cares about me." But he doesn't respect you. As long as your employment is the favor he's doing you, as long as he can point to the soup lines downtown and tell you that's what you deserve if not by the grace of "Manifest Disney," then we all may as well get on board with Mussolini and Addie Ol' Mustache over the

pond! (*Having to explain*) Hitler.

But let me tell you a story. It's about a girl named Adrianna Caselotti. Now, you guys know I'm married, at least for now, to the woman who danced in front of the camera and we traced over for Snow White. But there was another girl. Who did the singing and the talking.

*He suddenly sees Betty Ann walking by, trying not to be seen.*

ART Hey wait, wait! Uh, we'll have to save it. How 'bout an iced tea break, just, somebody play a tune or something, I'll be right back, hang on. (*Catching up*) Hey, Betty Ann, where you going?

BETTY ANN I'm just—I'm just...

ART I knew I hadn't seen you out here. Are you—are you going into work?

BETTY ANN Yes...

*Betty Ann walks.*

ART Waitaminute—

BETTY ANN I'm going to be late!

ART Late? It's not like you punch in.

BETTY ANN It's a red pen.

ART A what?

BETTY ANN After nine o'clock they change the color of the pen you sign in with.

ART Huh, treating you like a bunch of schoolchildren?

BETTY ANN I don't know, is punching in with a time clock more grown-up?

ART Well... yeah, because it's just a machine taking a measurement, rather than some surly headmistress who got the job cause she knows Walt's sister-in-law.

BETTY ANN Well I better be going in quick, before they smack me with a ruler!

ART Hah!

*She turns to leave.*

ART No, stop, stop! You shouldn't be going into work.

BETTY ANN Why not? I didn't get fired.

ART Do you know what a strike is, hon?

BETTY ANN You got fired didn't you?

ART I got fired because I was doing this.

BETTY ANN Didn't you start doing this after you got fired?

ART I got fired because I was planning on doing this.

BETTY ANN Wasn't it cause they found a gun on your desk?

ART It was a starter pistol, that was just to smear me—

BETTY ANN Why did you have a starter pistol inside?

ART So I can—study it, like anything!

BETTY ANN Oh, like a ham sandwich?

ART Yeah! Like a ham sandwich, exactly!

BETTY ANN As if that was any less patronizing than some stupid red pen!

ART Patronizing. Wow. I went straight to Roy's office that day and I told him that you weren't being treated fairly. I stood up for you. And you know what he said? "I'm gonna cut your nose off, Babbitt!"

BETTY ANN So that's why you brought a gun to work?

ART Why are being you so fresh with me?

BETTY ANN I dunno.

ART I'm the one being called a thug(?) I'm the one being called patronizing(?)

BETTY ANN I'm sorry, I just--

ART No, it's fine, this is a scary thing to do. And it's all happened so fast. It's making you antsy. And you're late for work. At a place that you "love." It's my mistake.

BETTY ANN My brothers are smart, I learned how to give 'em hell. You're smart, so.

ART Hah! (*At a loss with such a direct compliment*) Why don't... hey, stand up straight.

BETTY ANN Huh?

ART Enough with the sourpuss hunch you got. Remember, like Roy.

*He demonstrates for her and she stands up very straight.*

ART See, how does that feel? This is what it feels like to stand up for yourself. You should be out here on the lawn with us.

BETTY ANN (*hitting back at being freshly patronized*) I got myself a budget book. I'm not gonna find a fella anytime soon. But at least I can have a budget book.

ART (*confused*) Good.

BETTY ANN I'm gonna be late.

*She turns to go--just before she's out of sight, Art makes a final appeal:*

ART You said you've been here since *Snow White*.

*He doesn't know where he's going with this, but he's got her attention... he steps toward her.*

ART That picture got them so rich. It got me rich, too, oh yes it did. Is that patronizing enough? The Depression's over and you still can't afford to have a couple friends around your place, is that patronizing enough? Did you not work hard on that picture? Did you not make millions of children happy, by putting your heart into every frame, every night, for months and months on end?

BETTY ANN Maybe...

*She might be about to apologize for the company, or blame herself again... but:*

BETTY ANN Tomorrow. Maybe I'll come tomorrow.

ART Tomorrow. Okay.

BETTY ANN I'm on this sequence and I just—I really hate not to finish things.

ART Exactly. You work so hard. So fine, go, don't get the red pen today. Don't get yourself fired before you can go out on strike.

BETTY ANN Right.

ART I'll see you tomorrow.

BETTY ANN Yeah. Yeah, I'll see you tomorrow.

ART Get thee to the nunnery!

*Betty Ann heads into work. Art jogs back to the crowd.*

ART I forget what I was saying. But hey, you wanna know they got the sound of the Seven Dwarfs' footsteps? They used an empty wallet. Those weren't so hard to come by back in 'thirty-seven. But some wallets started filling up, didn't they? And some didn't. Chuck Jones over at Warner's tells me they've unionized and everything's fine now. So tell all your friends, tell all the scabs, they need to come out here so we can get this thing done!

*LIGHTS SHIFT as Walt enters from upstage over this last line, taking a bite of an apple, simultaneously ferocious and defeated:*

#### **WALT'S OFFICE**

*He slumps in his chair, grabbing the phone.*

WALT Yeah. Who else? Yeah? Who else? Good, he was dead wood anyway. Really? Bill? (Pause) Ward's not on strike, is he? (Terrified pause) Okay. Okay good, I mean, I wouldn't think so... what about Milt? (Beat) How can you not know? How many people are we gonna lose? And what was the name of that girl? Babbitt's lawn girl. Find out. Find out today. Ya know what you gotta do, get somebody asking around ink and paint. I'm sure all

the girls know who had a lunch date with Art Babbitt. The girls love him.

*A SPOTLIGHT on:*

*Betty Ann, blowing on a cel she's just painted, a mess of tools in one white-gloved hand.*

*She sets the cel aside, and from her pocket grabs a contraband Lorna Doone cookie. She eats it, looking around to make sure no one sees, and in the process, she takes in her surroundings--is she really going to say good-bye to this place?*

*Betty Ann looks at the painted cell, chewing, as Walt continues on the phone --*

WALT I talked the boys. I talked to them from the heart. I told them everything going on and the never next day was when they —they turned their back on me. What's the point of being truthful with people if they're just gonna use it against you?

*LIGHTS DOWN ON WALT.*

*ADD A SPOTLIGHT on Art upstage, chuckling into a phone:*

ART I can tell you how to survive New York, that's about all I can offer you. We always knew Broadway was gonna call you, babe. Well, I knew it. (Beat) I love you, Marge, and I want what's best for that whole life you got ahead of you. So let's have the happiest divorce of the decade, whaddaya say? The only... ironic thing is... I'm not glued to my drawing table now, I'd have a lot more time for you. I haven't drawn a single thing in a month. Besides picket signs. But I'm certainly very happy you're taking your next big creative leap.

*Betty Ann turns and makes her way upstage...*

ART It's wonderful. You were smart, honey. Sometimes I think of that poor Adrianna. Poor Adrianna...

*SPOTLIGHTS DOWN on Art and Betty Ann, taking us back to:*

**WALT'S OFFICE**

*Upstage, Betty Ann waits to enter.*

*Walt is writing in his notebook, talking on the phone, pouring himself back into the creative work:*

WALT You know, I thought of the color in this Dumbo sequence. When the ringmaster is whipping the mother. Her eyes should go red. Once the little guy is taken outta' her sight. You like that? Good and mean, huh? Sad. Silly picture's only gonna run an hour, that's all we can afford. So to find some way to give people their money's worth, we gotta make 'em cry.

*There's a knock.*

WALT I gotta—I gotta just do this quick, Gunny. Okay.

*He hangs up.*

WALT Come on in.

*Betty Ann enters.*

WALT Hi. Uh, Ms. Dunbar—Mrs?

BETTY ANN (*stunned*) Ms. I mean, Betty Ann.

WALT Walt.

BETTY ANN Yeah.

*Maybe this was a bad idea.*

WALT I saw that new Donald picture today. Ya know, there's a small problem with somma the action blurs.

BETTY ANN Oh, I don't know if that was my ex sheet—sorry, I don't mean to—

WALT How would it be your fault?

BETTY ANN I don't know...

WALT (*going on about the technical stuff, but really just as a way to relax her and get her to sit down*) Action blurs is effects, so you mighta shared an ex sheet with someone in effects, but that's not your department. And that's not your fault.

*Betty Ann sits on the small chair at the far corner of Walt's desk. He regards her: the girl on the lawn.*

WALT Betty Ann. How do you feel about Donald Duck?

BETTY ANN Huh? I mean, sorry—pardon?

WALT You like him?

BETTY ANN Yes, oh I love Donald Duck.

WALT He doesn't get on your nerves?

BETTY ANN Nerves? Ha-ha! Oh, I mean, no! Huh!

WALT You don't think he's a little selfish?

BETTY ANN Oh, well... who isn't a little now and then? That's—that's what I like about him, he's selfish just like everybody's selfish.

WALT Ya know you can relax!

*She laughs and breathes, not really able to relax. Her nervousness doesn't exactly put Walt at ease either and he's a little off balance himself.*

WALT You've inked over him how many times?

BETTY ANN Maybe a few hundred.

WALT Could be a thousand?

BETTY ANN Could be! And thousands more... I hope... to come... I'd like to say.

WALT Well, see, I don't know about that.

BETTY ANN Oh.

WALT I mean, what if I gave you a pencil, and I told you to draw him from memory?

*Betty Ann doesn't know what to say. Walt takes out a pencil and moves to a piece of paper.*

WALT Don't mean to put yuh on the spot. I just wanna see what happens, that's all. Is that okay?

*She takes the pencil. Nothing happens.*

WALT Don't be shy. (Pointing to his skull or maybe hers) He's up there somewhere.

*On the sheet of paper, Betty Ann begins to draw Donald Duck as best she can.*

BETTY ANN I'm so sorry—I... I couldn't start again, could I?

WALT Don't be perfect. We never aim to start with perfection, just honest mistakes.

BETTY ANN Not in my department!

*Whoops—she looks up from the paper to smile away what she's just said. After a moment, Walt looks at what she's drawing.*

WALT Too tall. But see, that's easy:

*He measures the duck's head with a thumb and forefinger, then moves his hand down the page like on little stepping stones...*

WALT Donald's two-and-a-half heads.

BETTY ANN Oh. That makes sense! I see it! Yes.

WALT We've put a lotta thought into all these things we've developed over all these years, we try to work everything down to a science, ya know...

*He seems distracted and forlorn all of a sudden.*

BETTY ANN I'm... I'm sorry about what's happening.

WALT Huh?

BETTY ANN About what's happening here...

WALT Oh, heh-heh. I dunno.

BETTY ANN I never complained.

WALT ...Doesn't seem like you would have. You—you like this place(?)

BETTY ANN I... I've been here since *Snow White*, and —

WALT (*totally distracted now*) They got these signs out on that picket line they paint of Mickey Mouse. And they put on 'im this real mean face—it's just awful, it's twisted, what do they think that's some kinda "ironic" lookin thing? That's clever? That you're gonna make Mickey out to look like some kinda mean, twisted evil bastard? He's not a mean guy, he's not a mean guy at all!

BETTY ANN No, he's not!

*They share a vague look of agreement, Walt's a little flustered and still gauging her honesty.*

BETTY ANN Maybe he's a little mischievous sometimes, that's all, he stirs that cauldron too hard and all the brooms [are] coming to life and end up chasing him down the stairs!

WALT Huh... yeah, maybe he gets himself into trouble!

*They're both laughing now.*

BETTY ANN Sometimes!

WALT Maybe he's kinda asking for it a little bit?

BETTY ANN Maybe, I mean, I don't know. But he's got a good heart.

*Walt takes that in, and looks at her.*

WALT You know the story of *The Little Mermaid*?

BETTY ANN Not too well.

WALT Good. Look at these sketches and tell me what you think, that's the little mermaid, that's when she's gonna lose her voice, to this evil witch. That's as sad as I want it to get—I liked Ethel's way of thinking about it, but Ethel's out there—I mean don't they realize that if we give into their salary demands we're gonna have to fire half of them when they come back anyway—so I'm stuck with this fella Ted, who is still here, in the story department, trying to sell me on this idea from the original story that she's gotta be trapped in servitude for three hundred years without a voice. I don't like that idea, it's good for things to be sad, but... three hundred years trapped in servitude without a voice, I just don't like that idea at all, do you like that?

BETTY ANN No.

*They lock eyes.*

WALT I had you come in here to draw a duck, I don't know why I'm talking about *The Little Mermaid*, here, try the bastard one more time—aw, dammit—ah, naw, I mean—here, go on.

*He hands her back the pad and pencil. She holds them out in front of her. She suddenly gets an impulse to close her eyes and touch her forehead.*

BETTY ANN I'll pretend I'm at my station. I hear the clock. And I've just had my coffee cake. And they've handed me a stack of Donalds. And I see him.

*Walt loves this: using her imagination. She suddenly draws more swiftly and elegantly. Apart from the drawing itself, Walt seems quietly enthralled by her sudden, self-discovered, technique. He looks at the final product.*

WALT That's... you can get started tonight if you head on over to the school. After you're done at the Nunnery.

BETTY ANN I... I'm...

WALT Learn a few things, then we'll getcha started in the animation cleanup department. You're gonna go, aren't you?

BETTY ANN Of course of course of course! But what if it turns out I'm awful, then what do we do? Or no! No no no no, yes, thank you, I just don't know what to say! Thank you!

WALT Hah. I didn't realize how long it'd been since I'd seen a grateful person. Just work hard, hon, honey.

BETTY ANN But you thought this was pretty good?

WALT You see a traffic boy, ask him to take you to the school.

BETTY ANN I know where it is. Yes, Mr. Disney.

WALT Walt! (Coughs, softening): Walt!

BETTY ANN Walt.

*She goes and then turns.*

BETTY ANN Do you mind uh...

WALT Hmm?

*She holds the pencil and drawing out to him.*

BETTY ANN Signing?

*Walt's eyebrows go up. He happily takes the paper, signs his name and gives it back.*

WALT So long. Oh! And start paying closer attention to any animals that you see.

*She nods, and leaves happily with the drawing in hand.*

*He picks up the phone.*

WALT Hello? Put me through to Gunny.

*LIGHTS UP ON:*

*Art having a drink at:*

***THE MAGNOLIA BAR & GRILL***

ART Can you believe this shit? All of a sudden, he's putting women in the animation cleanup department!

*[Another split-screen moment on opposite sides of the stage]:*

WALT No, I'm not negotiating.

ART So he's gonna make animators out of them. So he can pay them less.

WALT It's like you said: The Communist Mind only understands displays of strength.

ART Always says he's terrified of losing "artistic quality?"

WALT So let's stay strong, and let 'em grumble about how the world's so tough on them.

ART But he's gonna train some women over night to cut costs! And now we've lost good, smart people, who should be out there with us.

WALT I've never seen a group of people so lily-livered and belligerent at the same time!

ART After I stuck my neck out for folks. Then they just turn their back!

WALT Making up these stupid "guilds" and stupid "federations," cause they only wish they knew real war. They're all soft these days. (*High-pitched, sing-songy*) "Mawching awound in the flowers."

ART But. He's gonna pull a stunt like that—we gotta stunt of our own.

WALT In the trenches of the honeysuckle, heheheheh!

ART Tomorrow morning, Technicolor's taking a stand.

WALT (*still smiling at this point*) W—w—what do you mean?

ART Standing with us.

WALT What do you mean?

ART Technicolor has agreed to stop processing all Disney films immediately.

WALT The fuck are you talkin' about?

ART He can hire all the women he wants to draw Donald Fucking Duck. It won't matter if he can't print it on film.

WALT What, are we gonna go back to black and white?

ART So, cheers to Technicolor.

WALT Nobody wanted to work with them ten years ago! I almost bankrupted the studio to make that first color picture, so they could show off their shit! And that's what I get?

ART Now it's about our whole industry, sticking up for each other.

WALT That's what I get?

ART That's the union in "union."

WALT That's what I get?

ART We make the dreams, but that doesn't mean we gotta live in one.

WALT The projectionists have a union? What's happening to this country? Right, well we can't have the projectionists boycotting us, like fucking Technicolor. Huh? (Beat) Well that's a joke. Really? Why does Willie Bioff have to be the one running the projectionists' union, I can't be talking to that guy. I can't do that! I won't do it. No. There's gotta be another way. I will not talk to Willie Bioff.

*He hangs up and storms off as*

*LIGHTS CHANGE to:*

**OUTSIDE THE BURBANK STUDIO**

*Art stands in the parking lot outside, giving a speech to the picket line.*

ART Willie Bioff! That's who Walt's talking to now. A guy who golfs with Al Capone. That's who Walt and Roy are doing business with, the most infamous gangsters in the whole country. The gangsters they once asked me to fight. But now I guess they've found a common enemy, in their own hardworking, loyal men and women. All of us. The artists. The people who make it actually happen, not just dream it up. I've sat and thought about ways we could compromise. But no. This is their final mistake.

*Betty Ann comes out, trying to sneak by, but he sees her and calls out:*

ART You! You! Hey! Shame on you! Shame on you...

*She stops and he instantly regrets having yelled at her like any of the other scabs the last few days. Neither of them knows exactly how to navigate the different amounts of respect being lost and retained.*

ART I mean, I mean—I don't understand, that's all, I don't mean to call you out in front of everybody, but hey.

BETTY ANN (*a moment she was avoiding*) Hi, hi Mister Babbitt.

*Art waits for her to explain herself. When she doesn't, he makes a "hold on," gesture to his fellow strikers—*

ART Keep those signs up.

*— and ushers her aside.*

ART I just want to understand, I just need to understand this. I mean, they put you in animation cleanup, didn't they? With some of these other girls?

BETTY ANN How would you know?

ART Well you never came out here! And I don't see you leave the building until today. Cause they got you training at the school, till late, right? Does it pay better?

BETTY ANN It does a little.

ART Oh shit isn't that wonderful? And that's enough for you to just / ignore everything—

BETTY ANN It's what I've always wanted to do. I didn't even realize how much I wanted to do it until I was learning about all these fantastic things that make so much sense.

ART Sense? Like what?

BETTY ANN The numbers.

ART Numbers?

BETTY ANN For the double-takes, for how many in-betweens you need, and—

ART Oh. Yeh—

BETTY ANN (*naturally she starts fast and slows down with each*): Three frames, you're dodging a brick. Four frames is (*pointing*) "Get lost!" Five frames is (*friendly summoning*) "Come on over!" Six frames is (*ogling*) "Hey, lady!" Seven frames is (*straining to see*) "I might need glasses." Eight frames is (*searching*) "I just can't find my glasses." Nine frames is... nine frames is...

ART (*nodding*) "I could be wrong."

BETTY ANN What?

ART That's what nine frames is: you're considering.

BETTY ANN I was sitting there and I was finally holding a pencil.

ART You can't let them take advantage—

BETTY ANN It's so light in the hand. It's not like a brush, with a big glob of paint on it, or a pen, where you gotta keep filling it up with ink—it's just (*makes a whipping pencil motion in the air, with a faint whistle*). And you just want me to throw that away after five years working here?

ART No, of course not.

BETTY ANN You want me to quit?

ART No! Striking is not quitting, we're not quitting out here.

BETTY ANN But when it's all over they're gonna fire half of you.

ART Excuse me? They can't do that. Who told you that? Who told you that?

BETTY ANN I dunno.

ART That's illegal.

BETTY ANN Well, they'd have to cut costs.

ART Wow, that budget book really turned you around!

BETTY ANN Nobody knows how long this is going to go on, so I'd rather /just—

ART Walt's in a corner, with gangsters, he's run out of bargaining chips. It's gonna end soon.

BETTY ANN Yeah?

ART Yeah.

BETTY ANN Then what do you need me for?

ART Well, I don't need you for your labor. For your productivity, or your "artistry," if that's what they're calling it. We need you, out here, just for being you. As a human being. That's the whole point.

BETTY ANN The whole point is I'm a human being?

ART Right.

BETTY ANN Thank you.

*Art can't clock her sarcasm totally, and doesn't know how to respond. But suddenly Walt comes outside on his way to his car.*

ART Well hey look, there he is right now! The cheese himself! (Calling out) Walter Elias Disney, you oughta' be ashamed of yourself!

BETTY ANN Um, / um -

*Art springs back into action as rally leader.*

ART Calling everyone else a thug until you need some legs broken. Look at him go, guys. (To Betty Ann) Stay, stay, stay. (Back to rallying) If you'll forgive me my Disney-daddy-o apostasy, here's a man, here's a man who believes in brotherhood for everybody but himself!

WALT I'm just going to my car. I've only got the one car. You tell all your brown shirts about your big fleet?

ART I dole out my keys we all drive home.

WALT Cute, why don't you start a taxi cab service, ya hate it here so much? *(To the crowd)* Why don't you all do that?

ART Take it easy, Walt.

WALT Can I go home to my girls? Can I? Can I do that?

ART You think you're the only family man here?

WALT Hah, I know you ain't!

ART We're not negotiating, Walt. It's all or nothing now.

WALT Oh yeah?

ART Because you went back to Al Capone—

WALT I didn't go to Al Capone—

ART No, just one of his best friends.

WALT I didn't wanna do it, I really didn't wanna do it, my lawyer talked me into it.

ART Tied you to a chair.

WALT Well because you pulled that gag with Technicolor.

ART Gag?

WALT That was unfair.

ART Oh / my gosh.

WALT So I needed to do something. I don't know what to do. I can't just give you everything that you want. I can't! We can't slap a buncha rules on a place like this and be creative!

ART You can't.

WALT Whatever. Summa y'all gonna hate me. I didn't realize that, but. I'm getting used to it. I have to, because I can't change the facts. *Fantasia*'s out and nobody's goin'a see it. And *Pinocchio*'s out and people... they just don't want it. Gave 'em the cricket and the little wooden boy and they don't want 'im. Maybe someday. Because because because those aren't bad pictures. They're not. But uhm... we're gonna hafta start answering to those... those...those shareholders, ya know, in New York! And just make what's obvious. What's silly. What people expect. Repeat things. Over and over. (*Realizing, bitterly*) Like a time clock! At a can factory! Oh, I must be onta somethin, if I can make enemies of commies and capitalists. I don't care! Hate me! Hate me! What ends up delivered to the hearts of men and women and children in a movie (*thee-at-er*) theater in Kansas is what matters. I don't need y'all to love me. Maybe... maybe I stir the cauldron a little too fast sometimes, hahah. That's all. I mean, you don't hafta hate me either. (*Noticing in the crowd*) Bill! Bill, you and me talked about getting breakfast sometime, even though you've been out here, but that's okay Bill, cause I know you're a good man. And-and-and you know I'm a good man.

ART So Bill keeps his job?

WALT Huh?

ART Bill gets to keep his job when this is over, because he knows you're a good man, is that how this works?

WALT (*leaning yes*) Well—

ART What about this girl, here?

WALT What?

ART This girl, how 'bout her, she's in animation cleanup right

now,

BETTY ANN Oh—

ART but she was worried she'd get fired if she came out on strike.

WALT Ahw— /

BETTY ANN No I wasn't / worried!

ART Well then I'm worried, I wanna know. I hear the plan is to fire half of us. Careful what you say, cause we got a phone call with the Labor Board coming up...

*Art trails off, noticing that Walt and Betty Ann recognize each other.*

WALT Is that what you're—what you're gonna do? Uh, B-Betty Ann?

ART You gotta be kidding me.

BETTY ANN No, I—

ART You gotta be kidding me.

BETTY ANN What?

ART You go on about pencils.

WALT You gonna stop going to the school?

ART (*half amusing himself*) Oh, they're so light in the hand.

WALT Is that what—?

BETTY ANN (*to Walt*) I just stopped on the way out. See, I know Mr. Babbitt—

ART You don't think he knows that? Did he give you that job himself? He knew you were the girl on the lawn that I met. Didn't you suspect that at all?

BETTY ANN Maybe.

ART You go on about brushes and frame numbers, when really all that happened was Uncle Walt smiled at you. He used you.

BETTY ANN I drew something well. And he saw it.

ART Well no, it's great, it's perfect! Come out on strike, and just see if he fires you. Go on, you're in a perfect position. Do it and see. "I'm a good man!" Huh?

*She looks at both of them. Walt makes some kind of small gesture suggesting that he might actually be okay with her leaving.*

BETTY ANN I'll be at work tomorrow.

WALT Can I say I'm glad?

ART *(of course)* Right. What was I thinking? You're like a princess scrubbing the floors one day, and now you—you've got a magic-pencil—wand, I mean it's perfect. No, I can't compete with a story like that. I'm not the storyteller. This guy is.

BETTY ANN I just come in and I love what I do.

ART Nobody just does that! Nobody in the world gets to do that! That's a fantasy! This has to work! In the real world! You think we don't love what we do? I love it! I miss it! I want both things. I dunno, how do I put it? How do I put it into a story? Uh, the dwarfs, ya know, they're whistling and they're happy and they got all these shiny jewels, but come on, they're in this filthy, dirty... okay whatever, I mean...

WALT It seems like you've made your point, Mr. Babbitt.

ART (*light bulb*) Scrubbing the floors! A princess scrubbing the floors. A princess singing into a well. Adrianna Caselotti, do you know who that is?

BETTY ANN Yeah, yeah, that's the girl who did Snow White's voice.

ART Exactly! Yes! You worked on that picture. Do you know what she's doing right now?

BETTY ANN What?

ART I have no idea.

BETTY ANN Oh.

WALT So what's your point?

ART You like her voice right? Charming, yeah?

BETTY ANN Yeah it's... sweet.

ART Do you know what her next picture is gonna be?

BETTY ANN No, what?

ART There isn't gonna be one.

BETTY ANN Oh? How come?

ART You liked her, right?

BETTY ANN Yeah, I liked her, how come there isn't / gonna be—

WALT What the hell / is this?

BETTY ANN Did she die?

ART No. She didn't. She came in to do Snow White. And Walt said sign here, you can be a princess, but you don't get to make any other pictures. The contract says no singing, no talking, in any other pictures from now on. For the rest of your life you don't get to use your voice.

WALT That's not true.

ART The same way Walt gave you something, he took it away from somebody else.

WALT You've got it wrong –

ART Because it's not about you, and it's not about me, it's all about giving something to that family in Kansas. So those kids in Kansas don't see another movie that's got Adrianna singing in it and suddenly realize, well that must mean Snow White isn't real.

BETTY ANN Is that – did she really –

ART A fate worse than death is a Disney contract. All we're doing out here, Betty Ann, is telling Walt he's not the only person who gets to make a contract. Off of his creative whims. He's talking about this poor little wooden boy "nobody wants." As if that's supposed to be sad. Toys tossed in a corner. What about Adrianna? She's a real human being. Tossed in a corner for the rest of her life. Would you fight for her?

BETTY ANN I... I think...

WALT Any actress would toil for a lifetime for the chance to be the princess everyone knew!

ART So you remember now!

WALT If you're trying to make something perfect. Something that lives forever—

ART Like I said, a fate worse than death.

WALT You just will never understand!

ART (*proudly*) I never will.

BETTY ANN I can't believe that.

ART Boy, I'm glad Margie got away. She's going to Broadway. Ha, she got away from both of us.

WALT Yeah, I'm sure you're all broken up about that, Babbitt.

ART (*this time, instantly clocking the sarcasm*) I'm not, I care about her, so if she's happy out East, I'm happy—

WALT Nah, you got what you wanted from her a long time ago. And now you're free again.

ART Oh yeah?

WALT Yeah. So now you (*points inarticulately between Art and Betty Ann*)

ART Care to elaborate on that? You wanna draw a picture?

WALT Naw.

*Walt's starting to recoil in a tighter, quieter anger...*

ART Pose-to-pose?

WALT Naw, you're a filthy, sinful sonofabitch.

ART You may be right.

WALT You wanna talk about whims? You got whims.

ART Don't we all?

WALT (*the strike*) This is all a whim. You think this is organized? You losing your touch at the drafting table, and come out here barking like a dog all day looking for admiration? You looking for admiration? You wish you was me?

ART Not for a second, Walt. I actually can draw.

*Beat.*

WALT I'll bury you. Ya goddamn bolshevik. You turn this place into a can factory, and I'll fuckin' bury you.

*Walt lunges for Art, and they get into a fight.*

*Betty Ann jumps back, watching closely as the two men wrestle like dogs.*

*As they fight, she makes her way to the drafting table we saw Art working at during the prologue of the play. She looks over at the men fighting, closes one eye, finding a composition:*

*She picks up a pencil, and starts whipping lines on the paper, along with the fighting movements until the two men freeze in combat.*

LIGHTS DOWN on Art and Walt;

SPOTLIGHT on Betty Ann at the drafting table.

BETTY ANN I told one of the girls all about this crazy scuffle in the parking lot. "You should have been there, Retta," I said.

BETTY ANN AS ART Here's a man who believes in brotherhood for everybody but himself! I'm sticking up for the little guy! I'm sticking up for the gals!

BETTY ANN AS WALT Oooh, I'll bury you ya goddamn bolshevik! I've got so much love in my heart! I'm just bursting out with all this love!

BETTY ANN Retta laughed. I mean, everybody heard about it, but I told her what it looked like up close. Retta Scott. She went on to be the very first of us gals to actually animate something. The dogs in *Bambi*. Hunter dogs. They were terrifying. Did you see those? That movie's out by now, right?

*She concentrates on her drawing.*

BETTY ANN I went out on strike.

*She doesn't feel like explaining herself. It's complicated, but she's happy with all her decisions. So she just draws. [This is a good time for Art and Walt to exit in the shadows].*

BETTY ANN We all started punching in with time clocks. Got every single thing we asked for. I got a little raise. And kept on here in this cleanup department, till I even got to do a little bit of animating. Not for too long, though. I got married. Had a kid. Hey! I got to work here for seven years, I see some of you are disappointed. In what, in me? Whatever, people'll be laughing at you in eighty years, and your stupid choices. I love my kids. And they love *Fantasia*.

*We hear a faint, high-pitched warble echoing from somewhere – maybe the exiled voice of Adrianna? – as:*

LIGHTS FADE.

END OF PLAY.